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Who's there?



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Chapter 1 by Katie Grace

Every night it's always the same. I wake up at the same time, saying the same words, feeling the same feelings I always do. I get scared when I hear that strange noise coming from deep within my closet.

"who's there" I ask over and over and over again, but I get no reply. I only hear that awfull growling sound, and every time I ask who's there the noise gets louder and louder and louder. Until I scream the question

"WHO'S THERE!!" and the growling ceases to exist. I always end up crying and screaming for help cause I will never know who's there, watching my every move, listening to every word I have to say. What will happen to me if one day, I just stop asking. Will I then know who's watching me from my deep dark closet? I don't know maybe, I'll try it.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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